Cravats and Coy Smiles

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Cravats and Coy Smiles

by harleygirl2648

Summary

Hannibal wants to take Will to the opera, but Will isn't exactly thrilled by this prospect. So he decided to make it more fun for both of them.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

“Will?”

“Mmm,” Will hummed, not willing to open his eyes just yet as he stretches out in the sheets, feeling his husband press kisses down his cheek scar. “What is it?”

He can feel the bed dip down and a warm body pressing against him as Hannibal climbs on top of him and gives him a kiss. “I *adore* you, Will.”

“I know,” Will smiled, and he felt Hannibal smile against his lips, dotting his face and neck with kisses and speaking words of love in all the languages he knows. Will is content to let Hannibal shower him with affection, even letting himself be manhandled enough to be pulled into his arms, and Hannibal’s hands start massaging the small amount of tension still left in Will’s shoulders.

“Will?”

“Yeah?” Will asks breathily, because fuck, this feels amazing. W*hat’d he do to deserve this incredible morning?*

“Would you do something for me, Will?”

“Fuck, I’ll do anything you want.”

“Perfect,” Hannibal purrs against his ear, biting down behind it gently before murmuring, “...Peri’s *Euridice* is playing in the nearby opera house, and I *happen* to have tickets for this evening's performance…”

Will finally opened his eyes at that, fixing his husband with a disapproving look. “You were full-on trying to *seduce* me in order to convince me to go to the damn opera?”

“I haven't started the seduction yet, this was mere persuasion,” Hannibal replied, going in for another kiss when Will pushes him back with one finger on his lips.

“Honestly, I don’t know why *anything* you do surprises me anymore.”

“Part of my charm, I suppose.”

“Yeah, sure,” Will rolled eyes, but he let Hannibal kiss his scar again. “You know I can’t stand opera.”

“Please, Will.”

Will raises an eyebrow at that. “...You’re actually saying please? Damn, you know *just* the buttons to press, don’t you?”

“Is that a yes?”

“...Fine,” Will sighs, unable to hold back a smile. “I’ll let you indulge. You owe me a fishing trip, then.”

“I suppose I can deal with my legs soaking wet in a frigid stream at four o’clock in the morning during mid-April,” Hannibal smiles before kissing him hard enough that Will forgot to be annoyed with him.

Hannibal had to leave in the afternoon for a board meeting, in order to keep up with his identity. But he did leave a brand-new suit in the closet for Will and told him to change so they could leave when he got back. They’d have dinner in a bistro down the road from the opera house.

“Oh, so I need to shower for this thing?” Will asked, quirking an eyebrow. Hannibal rolled his eyes.

“Yes, please. Look presentable.”

Will had only smirked, which meant he had some terrible idea brewing in his mind.

Hannibal had mentally suffered through a terribly dreadful meeting, ignoring all questions as to why he was dressed so nicely and thankfully was in and out after two hours and made it back home with plenty of time to head out for dinner. His question of whether Will was ready to leave or not died on his lips as he stared at the sight before him.

“You better appreciate the *hell* out of this cravat, I spent *forever* trying to get it right,” Will smiled as he looked at Hannibal from where he was standing before the hall mirror. God, the suit was a perfect tailored fit, his curls were neatly arranged and slicked back, and the dark blue of the silk cravat matched his eyes.

Hannibal forgot for a moment that they were going to the opera, and felt himself drawn forward, almost like he was dragged by a magnetic force and he couldn’t help but end up behind him and turning to kiss his cheek scar. Will laughed before ducking his head away.

“Opera, remember? What you were so *thrilled* about this morning?” Will smirk, touching his cravat again to make sure it was right. “I can't believe I couldn't just wear a tie.”

“It looks stunning on you,” Hannibal purred, but Will was already making his way to the door and putting on his coat.

“We can have fun later, *doctor.* I’m starving, I want dinner.”

Dinner, for the most part, was uneventful. The food was pleasant, and Hannibal discussed his position as a professor, and Will offered some advice. “I was a professor, once, you know. In a past life.”

“Of course,” Hannibal smiled. “Speaking of jobs and identities, you should consider having a patient or two to keep up appearances. I can have an office rented for you.”

Will chuckled slightly, enjoying a sip of wine. “Seriously? Aren’t you going to get jealous with me messing around in someone else’s head?”

“It’s a talent you possess, one out of your control. I couldn’t police it if I tried, Will,” Hannibal replied. “At least think on it.”

Will agreed to think on it, and after dinner and dessert, they made their way up the street to the opera house. Hannibal spotted a colleague from the university and approached him, Will’s hand still on his arm.

“Ah, Professor Kore,” Professor Madison smiled, reaching out a hand for a handshake, and Will were decidedly released his husband’s arm so he could shake. “So nice to see you here. Is this the significant other we hear about?”

Will’s smile shifted from one of politeness to one of pure deviance. “Well,” he drawled, putting on the old Louisiana accent a little thicker than usual, “I’d hope I was significant, *darlin’”.* That last part was directed to Hannibal with a wink.

They were in public, Hannibal reminded himself. He knew Will wouldn't make this an easy night out. At least Madison found it charming.

“You’re a therapist, aren’t you? Should have you meet my wife, she sure as hell could use one.”

“You’d be *amazed* what therapy can bring out in a person,” Will said cryptically, a smirk teasing the corners of his lips. “I’d love to have her for a patient, I’m sure she’s an absolute *doll.”*

Alright, Hannibal had to excuse them up to their seats, because Will was only ever that charming when he was trying to get under his skin. So he lead them up to their own personal opera box and Will let out a low whistle.

“Fancy, Hannibal,” he said as he sat down in the chair, relaxing into it with the poorest posture imaginable, even putting his feet up on the ledge.

“Will,” Hannibal said, exasperated as he took his seat beside him. “We are not at home.”

“Sorry,” Will pouted, not sorry in the least. “Leopards can’t change their spots, you know.”

Amused, Hannibal took his program and swatted at Will’s legs. He stretched them out then, pulling off the ledge and turning in his seat to rest them in Hannibal's lap instead.

“Interesting,” Hannibal remarked, not letting any emotion show in his face. “You prefer dogs and yet you act exactly like a cat.”

“I act like a cat, Hannibal? Your idea of *courtship* was killing people and leaving them for me to find, and your entire behavior is based on the idea of *‘I think I’ll do this because I want*

to know what happens.' Also, you like to be scratched behind your ears," Will winks before he lifts his legs back and finally adjusts himself back into his chair, flipping through his program.

It isn't long before the house lights dim and the show opens at last. Will is pleasantly surprised to learn that he enjoys this particular opera. It's a nice feeling, to close his eyes and let his usually overactive imagination relax and create images in his mind of the Eurydice and Orpheus story.

He opens his eyes a fraction for a brief moment halfway through the second act, and catches Hannibal not paying attention to the stage at all, instead staring at him as though he was the star of the show, not whoever was wailing on the stage.

He watches from the corner of his eye as Hannibal mouths one word to himself.

Beautiful.

Will smiled to himself, and slips his hand into Hannibal's, and relishes in watching his husband practically melt from the slightest touch.

Will's mind is not longer on the opera. It's on other plans for now. As soon as intermission starts and the lights come back up, Will squeezes his hand.

"I guess I don't hate this pretentiousness *too* much," he smiles as Hannibal kisses his hand. "But I could use a drink."

Hannibal agrees and they head off to the bar and return to their box soon afterwards, Will now possessing Professor Maddison's wife's business card.

"Are you going to be her therapist?" Hannibal acts as he sips his red wine. Will shrugs a little, leaning against the balcony railing.

"I don't know. They hate each other, it's obvious. Maybe I could convince her to kill him." He doesn't miss Hannibal's eyes grow darker at that remark, and he sets down his wine glass.

"What are you playing at, Will?"

Will pouts innocently, setting down his glass of whiskey and walking over to the door to their box. He locks it and turns back to Hannibal, strolling over and sitting down directly in his husband's lap, kissing him slowly.

"I'm not playing at anything, *darlin',"* Will drawls, and smirks as Hannibal visibly adjusts his seating position so they were both more comfortable. God, he should have pulled out the fucking accent years ago. "Don't torture yourself, Hannibal. That's my job."

"Is it, now?"

"Yes, it is. And now I think I'll torture you a little further."

"What do you have in mind?"

Will smirks, like he’s been planning this since he tied that damn cravat hours ago. “Something a little... *too* fun.”

“Such as what?”

“You’ll know when the curtain goes up and *I* go down. But I get loud, so you should find a way to make me quiet.”

“I think I can find another use for your cravat," Hannibal says lowly, carefully untying the fancy blue silk while looking into Will's eyes.

“Sounds just perfect,” Will smirks, his blue eyes practically glowing as the lights dim again. “That thing has been choking me all night.”

End Notes

Yeah, they totally banged in an opera box. Fine art and Will, Hannibal can't resist. (also, did anyone catch that sneaky Addams Family reference! Four for you if you did!)

I might write a piece next with Will as a therapist and Hannibal finds it intensely attractive, would anyone be interested?

Please leave comments and kudos galore! I love responding to them!

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